

FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN

• *Ceremonies*

IN CONNECTION WITH THE FIRST
AWARDS OF THE THOMAS BARBOUR
MEDAL FOR DISTINGUISHED SERV-
ICE IN THE PRESERVATION OF THAT
VANISHING EDEN, SOUTH FLORIDA.

at the MUSEUM

January 11, 1948

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Occasional Paper No. 18 January 11, 1948

Thomas Barbour . . . An Appreciation

By DAVID FAIRCHILD

DR. THOMAS BARBOUR was for many years and until his death Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard. This museum, established by the great Swiss naturalist, Louis Agassiz, is recognized as one of the greatest museums of Natural History in the entire world, containing millions of specimens of fossils, of shells, insects, mammals, birds, fishes and especially of reptiles. He was an organizer of the United Fruit Co. Serpenterium, where venom for making anti-venins was collected.

Dr. Barbour was one of the greatest herpetologists of his time. He had moreover the widest interest and appreciation of all forms of living things, including the plants as well as the animals.

His interest in Florida began when, as a child, he spent his winters in Eau Gallie with his grandmother. Here he fished and hunted, became familiar with all the animals and birds of south Florida, explored Indian mounds and dug up fossils in the canal banks. Florida has perhaps the richest areas zoologically, of any in the United States, having as it does a semi-tropical and in this area, a tropical climate.

He was especially interested in tropical zoology, and on his honeymoon he made a collecting trip to New Guinea and the Indies and later explored in Central and South America.

He became keenly aware of the approaching extinction of many forms of tropical animals, and when a hilltop was left as an island in the artificial Gatun Lake in Panama he organized a committee to preserve the animals and plants of that island. There he built the Barro Colorado Island Laboratory where naturalists could go to study. This is now a part of the Smithsonian Institution.

His long sojourn in Cuba during the first world war led to his becoming Custodian of the Atkins Foundation at Soledad, near Cienfuegos, an outstanding garden of tropical plants.

He threw the weight of his influence and prestige into the idea of an Everglades National Park at a time when many naturalists, not knowing much about it were indifferent to it.

He took an active part in the early discussions about the establishment of the Fairchild Tropical Garden and was a member of its original Board of Managers. He took a keen interest in the Palm Museum and when the associates of Colonel Montgomery built it he contributed largely to its equipment.

His popular books were largely written in the little guest house at The Kampong, the home of his friend David Fairchild. This man, Thomas Barbour, with his tremendous sweep of experience from the time of his childhood on, became almost fanatical in his desire to see that what is left of our wild life should be preserved. His book "That Vanishing Eden" is perhaps destined to play an important part in arousing the general public to the fact that it is rapidly disappearing not only in Florida but all over the world.

It seems highly appropriate that the Fairchild Tropical Garden should award a medal in his honor to those who have worked and will work as he did to keep from vanishing the wild beauty of this area.

It is a striking medal, showing on one side Dr. Barbour's profile and on the reverse, symbols of the creatures and plants he helped to protect.

It is a happy circumstance that the distinguished medalist, Theodore Spicer-Simson who made, among many others, the Agassiz medal, should be here to make this one of Thomas Barbour.



THOMAS
BARBOUR
MEDAL

*Designed
and Executed
By
Theodore Spicer-Simson*



The Barbour Medal*

INITIATING a new department in the activities of the Fairchild Tropical Garden, seven awards of the Thomas Barbour Medal, given for "distinguished service in the preservation of South Florida," were made at a meeting which filled the auditorium of the Museum building on Sunday afternoon, January 11, 1948.

As our members will shortly receive a special paper describing the program and its purpose in detail, this article will touch but briefly on the pleasant and inspiring occasion that drew one of the most distinguished audiences ever to assemble in the Garden. It had been planned to hold the meeting out of doors, but when threatening weather interfered the Museum provided a perfect setting for the presentations.

In calling the meeting to order, Col. Robert H. Montgomery said that although the present list of persons to receive the medal had been selected informally, a committee would soon be formed to nominate future recipients, and that it was planned to make the presentations an annual event. It was Mrs. Montgomery, said he, who first conceived the idea of striking a medal that would honor the

memory of the late Thomas Barbour, who had done so much for the early development of the Fairchild Tropical Garden, and presenting it to those who were carrying on the work in which the great naturalist was so much interested.

By happy coincidence it was possible to have the medal designed by Theodore Spicer-Simson, one of the world's most accomplished artists in this field, late of England and France, but now living in Coconut Grove, and he was present at the meeting, where he spoke briefly and modestly of his work.

Following are the names of those who received the Thomas Barbour medal at the first annual presentation, in the order in which they were honored: Mr. Charles H. Crandon, Mr. A. H. Andrews, Mr. Ernest F. Coe, Mr. William M. Lybrand, Mrs. W. J. Krome, Dr. and Mrs. David Fairchild, Col. Robert H. Montgomery.

The forthcoming special paper will contain the citations that accompanied each medal. The dies from which the medals were struck will belong to the Fairchild Tropical Garden and additional medals will be made from them as needed.—L.O.

*Reprinted from *F.T.G. Bulletin*, Feb., 1948.

Mr. Spicer-Simson said:

BEFORE saying a few words to you—fellow-lovers of Southern Florida where even the weeds are beautiful and are so-called only, as Emerson put it “because their virtues have not yet been discovered”—I would like to thank our many friends—old and new—for their unfailing kindness and sympathy. My wife and I have been so deeply touched we can never forget it.

And now to our subject matter. The awards. The happy inspiration of Mrs. Montgomery, and for those who know her, the logical outcome of her active and impassioned interest in the development and preservation of this beautiful part of the state.

This medal or plaquette (the technical name of one of this shape) has the portrait of Dr. Thomas Barbour on one side, and on the reverse, above the lettering, something of the atmosphere of South Florida is given in miniature. In the center stands a spoonbill crane, while to right and left are palms and mangroves with a snake, a lizard and a turtle in the foreground.

As a fortunate resident of Coconut Grove and designer of the medal, Mrs. Montgomery felt you would be interested in seeing some of my work and a portion of a stained glass window that used to be in our house in France. It is the work of a Scotswoman—a young cousin of mine. At the top she has very beautifully reproduced a portrait that I executed in bronze of a young cytologist who has since made a name for himself in that line, cell life in plants. The poem below, by Gustave Flaubert, points indirectly to the unexpected reward which sometimes awaits the cultivator of the soil. Very freely translated it runs thus—“Change is eternal. The Head in bronze outlives the city and the gardener, unearthing a medal, looks upon the portrait of an emperor.” This, as you all know, has very often happened in the old world; the parallel for us here, as it seems to me, is that the small and lasting medal may be compared with the small seed that grows

into a large tree; which in turn continues its portrait in other seeds that, encouraged by cultivation, become beautiful examples of the vegetable kingdom, akin to those surrounding us here in this living and open-air museum.

This idea, so well put by the French poet, that large works of art are apt to disappear more quickly than small ones, struck me very forcibly when I was able to go into Paris for the first time after the war. The impression made on me by the sight of hundreds of empty pedestals in the squares and streets of the city is unforgettable. All these large bronzes had been used as war materiel by the Germans yet the French government Mint was permitted to continue striking bronze medals, among them one I had designed of the late President Roosevelt, who was certainly not exactly popular with the invaders.

I will now recount an amusing little incident in this connection. During the occupation the collaborationist mayors of several French cities, wishing both to honour Petain and to commemorate their visit, appointed a committee to choose a medal among the thousands at the Mint and have it struck in silver to present to him. Ironically enough, their choice fell upon one of Fontainebleau Castle, a distinct intimation of the Marechal's own downfall, for it was on the steps of this Chateau that Napoleon 1st abdicated on the 11th of April, 1814, a medal not only designed by a foreigner and to him by one of that detestable race—the Anglo Saxon. Petain never learned it was my work.

Before concluding, may I be pardoned for reminding my friends that when the Royal Palm Park was in its infancy, I designed a medal for the Florida Federation of Women's Clubs which was sold to help protect the wonderful park from fire. I was told I should end my talk by thanking you but I would rather finish by wishing Mrs. Montgomery and the Colonel, Mrs. Fairchild and the Doctor and all of you, “A very happy New Year.”

Charles H. Crandon

THERE are all too many avenues down which beauties of a superbly fascinating countryside may slip and disappear forever. Wordsworth pictured the fading beauty of the landscapes of the Lake Region of England and pointed out the approaching arrival of ugliness there. One has only to read his poems or look at the steel engravings in Washington Irving's "Sketch Book" to understand how rural beauties can fade and pass away. Many of them have taken millenia to create; thousands of years of rain and sunshine, drouths and storms. The great forests of pines, the seashores and the tropical jungles, all these are witness to the beauty of nature. And yet, all over the globe they are being carelessly swept away.

Learn of the early days in south Florida in "The Commodore's Story" and Kirk Munroe's tales. Read Charles Torrey Simpson's and Henry Nehrling's graphic and deeply appreciative accounts of the hammocks and waterways, virgin strands and untouched cypresses and deep, dark mangrove forests that once graced the landscapes of this region and you will understand the touch of melancholy with which the "old settlers" tell of what it was once like here on Biscayne Bay.

To step into a situation which was already more or less chaotic and appreciate what was coming; what terrific waves of population, what unthought of inventions for change and destruction, what demands for homes and shops and institutions—the equipment of a great modern city—and see clearly some way to preserve breathing spaces and shady streets, this is what Charles Crandon has done for the general public of south Florida.

Around him has gathered a group of men trained in the new art of City Planning; who know how to lay out roadways and streets and

boulevards and stop some of the haphazard ugliness of a city which, like Topsy, simply "grewed up."

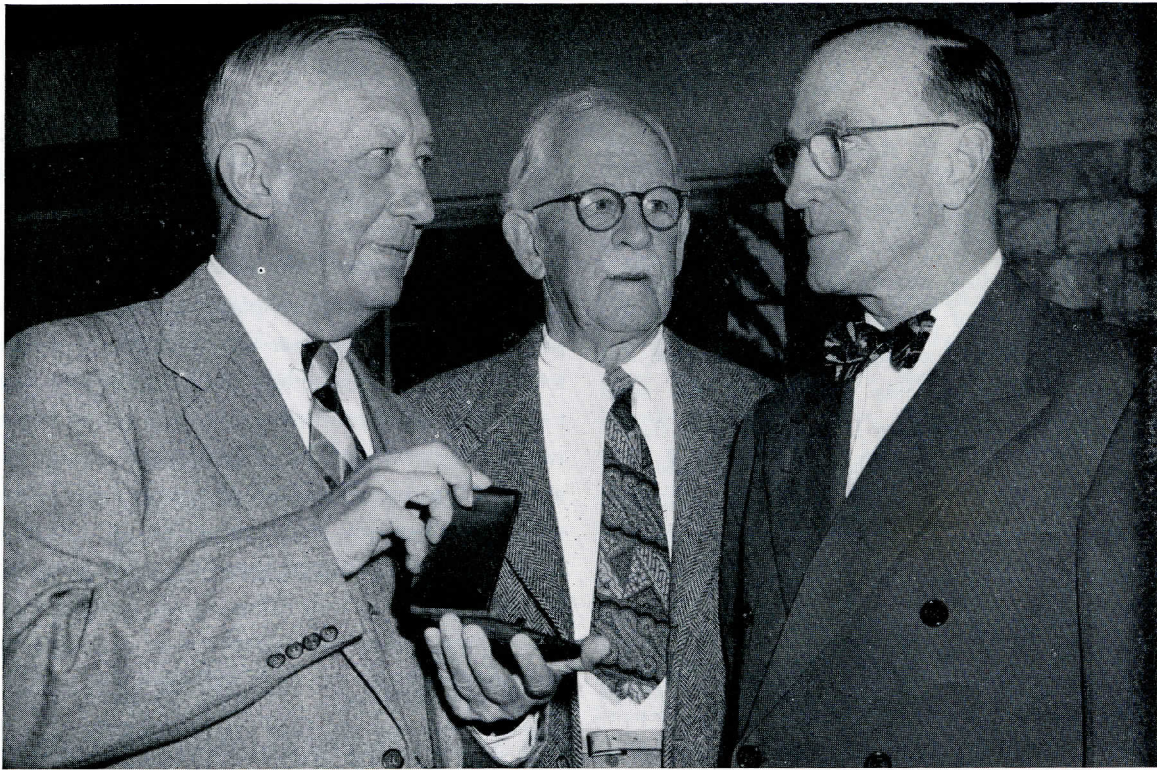
Look at the small-town plan Mr. Flagler picked out for Miami when dear old Fred Morse put up to him to decide whether to build here a little town or a medium-sized one or a city, and then notice the sweeping, curved boulevards and broad avenues that have been added to make the Miami of today—You will see at once that at sometime during the great rush of growth a great personality entered the scene. The Dade County Park System was inaugurated, parks were arranged for and shaded highways were extended.

It is true of course that those of us who saw the old days will regret so long as we live the vanishing of quiet lanes, the narrowing of what were tropical jungles, the filling up of the sandy shores where we used to wander alone. But our children who never saw the Florida of our time will bless the days when they can take their children to coconut bordered beaches and shaded parks and untouched hammocks; remnants at least of the glorious tropical vegetation of the past.

And into our grateful memory there will come the name of Charles H. Crandon, for to him more than to any other one man we owe the guidance of the development of these landscapes, landscapes for which this Fairchild Garden is introducing from the tropics of the world all the suitable palms and beautiful vines and flowering trees possible. This Garden itself could not have come into being and be what it is today without his interest and support.

It is in grateful acknowledgement for what Mr. Crandon has done to keep for all of us in this region so much that is uniquely beautiful and tropical, that I present to him the Barbour Medal.

Citation read by Mrs. Robert H. Montgomery.



Robert H. Montgomery, David Fairchild, Charles H. Crandon

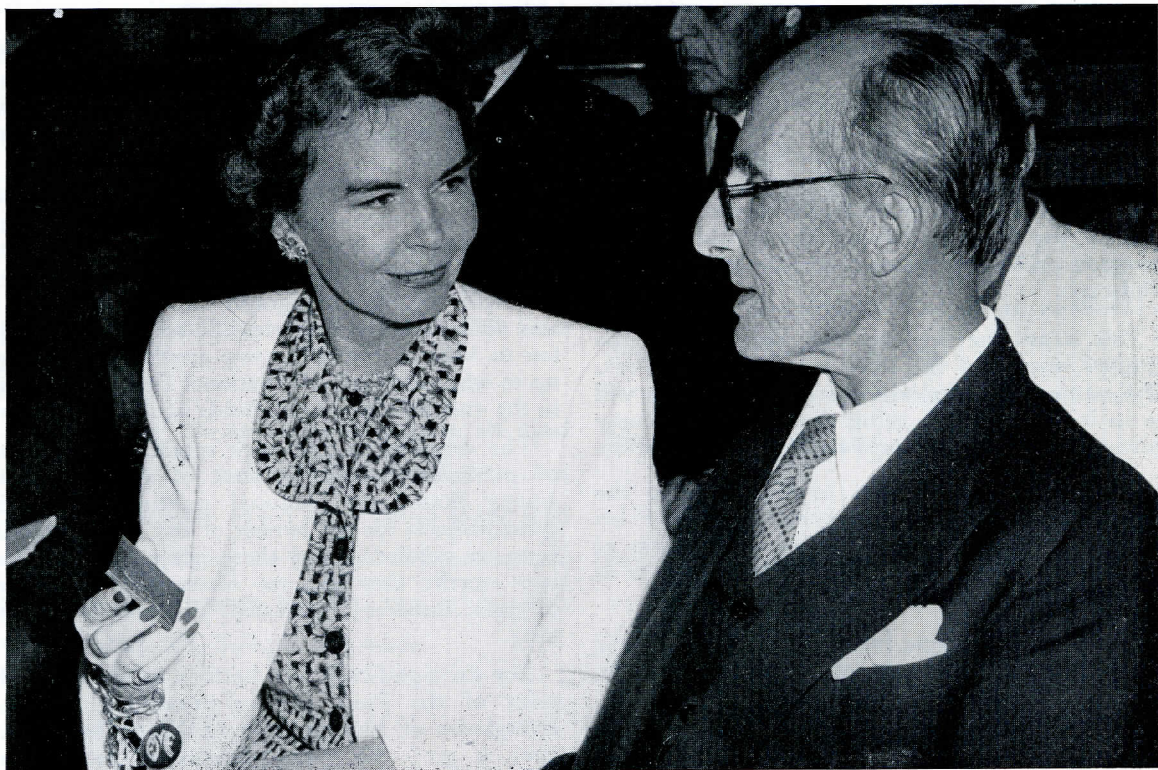


Recipients of Medals

Front row: Mrs. W. J. Krome, Mrs. David Fairchild, Ernest F. Coe, William M. Lybrand
Back row: Robert H. Montgomery, David Fairchild, A. H. Andrews, Charles H. Crandon



Ceremonies



Mrs. Robert H. Montgomery

Mr. Spicer-Simson

A. H. Andrews

IN THE WORK of preserving from destruction such living things as trees, vines, palms and flowering plants, more is needed than the daily care of willing hands, particularly in a land like Florida where conditions are new and strange to so many of those who come here to live and plant gardens.

Through the columns of *The American Eagle* Mr. A. H. Andrews has brought to its readers all over the State the largest volume of information about what tropical plants were being grown in South Florida than any organ of publicity here has carried.

The spirit of his editorials and the care taken to have the facts correctly reported has made his weekly publication a source of encouragement and of horticultural news that has few equals anywhere in the world, I believe.

For us who have settled in this region Mr. Andrews' friendship for Dr. Henry Nehrling has brought a rich reward. It is a rare and happy occurrence when a man of genius attracts to himself

a congenial spirit who will stand by him during his lifetime and remain devoted to his memory after he has gone.

Dr. Nehrling was one of Florida's greatest horticulturists. It was a lucky circumstance for us that Mr. Andrews took upon himself the task of preserving the voluminous writings of his friend. As Editor and Publisher of the *American Eagle* at Estero, Mr. Andrews printed these serially in his paper. This made it possible for them to be brought out later in two outstanding editions; the first one, "The Plant World in Florida," abridged and edited by Alfred and Elizabeth Kay and later the complete work in two volumes, "My Garden in Florida" put together and published by Mr. Andrews.

For these services to Florida horticulturists and all interested in preserving the wild life of this region, this medal is gladly presented by the Fairchild Garden, one of the institutions to which he has always given his interest.

Citation read by Mrs. David Fairchild.

Ernest F. Coe

IF ANYONE in this audience does not know the name of Ernest Coe it is either because he has not read the newspapers of the south Florida region or has taken no interest in one of the biggest fights of history; the fight to preserve the southern tip of this state as a sanctuary for the vast flocks of plume birds, the myriads of wild animals, the snails and fishes, the orchids, palms, mangroves and bromeliads that make up its unique landscape.

This is not the time nor the place to give the detailed history of the Everglades National Park. The names of many who have gone before will be in it, for it was a thing that interested many thousands of south Floridians for a generation.

But this is the occasion to do honor to the almost fanatical devotion of one man and his devoted wife to a great Vision—the Vision of an immense National Park in the Everglades of Florida.

It was a life struggle for them both, one during which his inspiring life-partner fell by the wayside, leaving him to go on alone.

I shall not give the life history of Ernest Coe—I do not know it well enough. But I do know, that in the New England environment in which he grew up he took a lively interest in plants and

became well known for his landscape work. One of the shrubs of his own breeding and selection bears his name and is planted extensively along the garden walks that outline rosebeds and borders in the North.

His interest in south Florida started in the twenties, at a time when the ideas of Conservation and of National Parks were in their early stages. Although the Smithsonian had published Dr. Safford's superb monograph of its wild life, it was difficult to get the scientific men of Washington to believe that there was anything that came up to what they called "National Park Standards" in the vast area of swamp lands of the Everglades.

The creation of that park required an amount of publicity and an amount of personal work among State and National politicians such as great projects for the benefit of the general public seem to require. And these projects, no matter how worthy they are, too often perish for want of some insistent, interested, determined personality.

For the significant part he took in the establishment of the Park and in preserving the vast Everglades of Florida from vanishing before our eyes, it gives me great pleasure to present this medal to Ernest F. Coe.

Citation read by Marjory Stoneman Douglas.

Mrs. William J. Krome

IT IS not without a deep feeling of emotion that I hold this medal—"Tom's medal"—in my hand for it is inscribed to Mrs. W. J. Krome whose friendship Mrs. Fairchild and I have enjoyed for over a third of a century.

Her husband, who built for Flagler the Overseas Railroad to Key West was a great engineer. At heart, however, he was a horticulturist.

When the pines were cleared off a place on the railroad he named Homestead, he meant to do just what he did—settle down there and plant orchards of tropical fruit trees. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Krome's early struggle is one of the great stories of the early history of tropical horticulture in south Florida.

In the accounts of the horticulture of the world I find no mention of anything more spectacular than that of the Citrus Canker Campaign, in which Mr. Krome was a leader. This fight against a new bacterial plant disease which threatened the entire citrus industry of the State, involved the destruction of whole groves of infected trees to prevent its spread.

And, again, he was a leader and advisor in the campaign to eradicate the Mediterranean Fruit Fly.

Mrs. Krome was an active partner in all these struggles, but she took perhaps a keener interest in the experiments which were being made with tropical fruits, testing the varieties of avocados and mangos and the many tangelos and other citrus hybrids which Mr. Swingle had made.

Their grove was a horticultural field laboratory where were carried on studies of varieties; trials of fungicides and insecticided methods of packing and storage and marketing of what were then strange new fruits to the northern markets.

It was long a dream of Mr. and Mrs. Krome's to establish a tropical arboretum of their own where could be tested out many of the tropical fruits that might grow in Florida. When this was not possible they were among the first to donate land for the State Sub-Tropical Experiment Station in Homestead.

The Krome Memorial Institute of the Florida Horticultural Society recognizes the interest which the Krome's took in the encouragement of new plant industries.

And now Mrs. Krome's advice and experience are a constant inspiration to those who start planting new fruits, and her critical ability and experience have been important factors in the organization of the Mango Forums of south Florida.

As I give you this medal with Tom Barbour's face on it, dear Mrs. Krome, I am reminded of how Tom used to say to me:

"David, let's go down to Homestead and see Mrs. Krome."

He felt the romance of the little brown house on Krome Avenue and the part you have played in the horticulture of this fascinating region—South Florida.

William M. Lybrand

PALMS have been favorite house plants for generations; almost every child has become familiar with his aunt's or his grandmother's potted palms on the window sill.

But these pretty things have told their fond owners almost nothing about these unique creations of the world of trees; these palms which support with their fruits and leaves and bark, and the starch of their stems, more millions, perhaps, than do the herds of cattle which roam our plains and are fed in our barns.

Almost from the beginning, when Colonel Montgomery began to collect large palm specimens for the Garden, it became evident that we needed an exhibition of the things made *from* the various species, and we began getting them in from different parts of the world.

For wouldn't a Gallery of Palms without the things manufactured from, their leaves and stems and roots, be somewhat like an Art Gallery with only the big pieces—statues and wall paintings in it—without the delicate, smaller objects which have been the work of master craftsmen?

And what about a library? Where should we keep the superbly illustrated folio volumes like those of Martius which portray the palms in their jungle habitats; and the journals of travel by those intrepid plant collectors, the great botanists who first found and named the different species of palms and other plants? And the collection of modern books offered by Mrs. Brett?

A happy end to these difficulties was made by Colonel Montgomery's intimate friend and for fifty years, associate in the accounting profession; Mr. William M. Lybrand. These two men, both gifted with extraordinary capacities for hard work and both interested in educational, scientific and religious institutions have stood as an inspiration

to the younger men of the firm of Lybrand, Ross Bros. and Montgomery throughout its long history of usefulness.

Mr. Lybrand, although not a resident of Florida nor personally familiar with the plants of the Tropics, realized the greatness of what his friend was doing here, and, forming a group of the partners of the firm, presented to the young garden the Museum Building which now houses the Palm Museum, the Brett Memorial Library and the small lecture hall, as well as the offices of the Association. This has been the center of activity of the Garden since it was built. In it lectures and flower shows have been held and the business of holding the association together by its printed literature—Occasional Papers and Monthly Bulletin, etc.—has been carried on.

Dr. Barbour, Director himself of the great Agassiz Museum at Harvard, took a particular interest in this museum, realizing that it was destined to become the only museum in the world exclusively for palm products. This it has become, and in it hundreds of palm products are on exhibition.

The Fairchild Garden is highly honored today to have Mr. Lybrand with us so that we can present the Thomas Barbour Medal to him in person. For although he does not live in Florida he has shown his faith in the future of this Garden. His example, the example of an unselfish gentleman with a clear vision of the need of such a garden in the troubled times that lie ahead will, let us hope, inspire others to help in the building up of this center of interest in tropical plants.

It gives me great pleasure to present the medal to you, William M. Lybrand of New York.

Citation read by Dr. Bowman F. Ashe.

David and Marian Fairchild

DAVID FAIRCHILD begins his book, "The World Was My Garden" with the statement, "In any estimate of human life, there are two factors, the factor of inheritance and the factor of environment." In any estimate of David Fairchild, there are two factors, himself, and his wife, Marian Bell Fairchild."

David Fairchild's accomplishments are well known. There is no question that without Marian Bell he would have been a distinguished scientist, founder of the Office of Plant Introduction of the Department of Agriculture, its Senior Agricultural Explorer and at all times a man anxious to bring to everybody his own feeling for the color and shape and hidden truths of the physical world. Without her he became interested in south Florida as a place for the growing of tropical plants and with Swingle and Webber began the Plant Introduction Garden on Brickell Avenue which was to have so great an effect.

With his friend, Barbour Lathrop, he travelled the world for plants for this garden.

But when he married Marian Bell, with her own native intellectual curiosity about the world, with her own feeling for the beauty of plants and trees and her subtle, penetrating and wise understanding of human beings, David Fairchild's mature life and work really began.

Together they went on expeditions for plants throughout the world, supplementing knowledge with a heightened sense of values. Together they rediscovered south Florida as a place not just for

experimentation, but as a background for the rich and outgoing life which only she could create for him and their children. It would be hard to say, in reading his descriptions of their great later expeditions, with Allison Armour to West Africa and to India and Java and with Anne Archbold on the Fairchild Tropical Garden Expedition to the South Seas, and in Guatemala and in all the other strange places from which they brought back delight and knowledge for us all—it would be hard to tell where David's work left off and Marian's began. It is a true marriage of minds and achievements.

In all the work for the Fairchild Tropical Garden, Marian Bell Fairchild's fine faith has been indistinguishable from his own wide knowledge and his magnificent vision of the future of so great a tropical botanical garden. They have brought plants and people together here.

Continuously and up to this time David Fairchild is as much interested as ever in bringing in new things which may or may not be as valuable or as beautiful as some of his previous introductions but to this lovable enthusiastic plant lover, "Hope springs eternal." Just last week he received seeds from New Guinea of a 100 foot pandanus!!

We are happy and honored today to present to David and Marian the Thomas Barbour medal, to commemorate the great work for south Florida which they together and inseparably have accomplished.

Citation read by Robert H. Montgomery.

Robert H. Montgomery

THE WORLD is poorly, very poorly supplied with public gardens where people can see living plants and learn about them.

Most of such gardens are hard to find now; overshadowed and shaded as they are by the gigantic piles of buildings filled with harrassed and hurried souls who know little and care less about quiet shaded dells and groves of beautiful trees where birds build their nests.

It seems to be taken for granted that one has only to motor out into the suburbs to land in a garden; but somehow, the highways have grown faster and, shall I say it, uglier than has the countryside grown more beautiful.

Thirty years ago who would have dreamed that a time would come when the struggle for a quiet garden spot would become a real fight in this tip of Florida, a place so far from the great metropolis, New York, that residents there had barely heard of its existence except as the site of a boom town.

Stranger yet. Could anyone on 42nd Street, watching its stream of hurrying people, have dreamed that one of these, a successful certified accountant, would tire of his columns of figures and follow into the woods one of his old friends, another New Yorker, George P. Brett of the Macmillan Company, and gather pines and spruces and other conifers into a "Pinetum" in Connecticut. And that later he would follow him down here and settle in a place that was half an abandoned citrus grove and half a tropical jungle and make out of it a garden spot; a "Palmetum" filled with rare palms and with vines and ornamental trees?

Still more unusual! Who would have expected that such a person would not be satisfied just to enjoy his own beautiful estate but would want to found a public garden where others who loved plants could see a collection of the palms of the world, the finest tropical vines and the strange trees which travelers to tropical lands have written of for centuries? Yet this is what has happened here.

Most so-called Botanic Gardens in Europe and in other parts of the world have been established by public officials; Governors of Colonies, City Officials, Mayors, etc., and supported out of the

taxes of the community or by the National Treasury itself. Some few, however, like the Arnold Arboretum, the Shaw Botanic Garden in St. Louis and the Morton Arboretum near Chicago have been created and for the time being at least, supported by their founders; later to be taken over by a growing membership of those interested in the plants. Colonel Robert H. Montgomery, whose love of trees has been well known to his New York and Connecticut friends and who has been an active member of the Board of Managers of the New York Botanical Garden and a member of the Visiting Committee of the Arnold Arboretum and other institutions concerned with plants, has had the satisfaction of watching this new Garden grow and become a real institution in this community; a place where rare forms of living plants are on exhibition somewhat as are the works of art in an art gallery. His gifts to it of land and money have been most substantial, and his attention to the details of management has been untiring.

Unlike a collection of statuary, these beautiful living pieces cannot be assembled through purchases by art dealers. And they grow to a thousand times the size they were when planted, so the element of time enters into its making as it does not in the creating of an art gallery. Also the design is all important, as the Colonel knew when he turned the landscaping of it over to William Lyman Phillips.

One does not say of a great art gallery "Watch it grow" as those who visit this garden often say. The Director of an art museum adds new pieces but his old ones remain the same; get older and gather dust which has to be brushed away.

We are honoring today one who has made possible a real "Gallery of Palms," and a collection of tropical vines and trees which, as the years pass, will grow and change continually, charming others who come after us with waving fronds and masses of bloom and shaded vistas.

And so it gives me the greatest pleasure to present the Thomas Barbour Medal of the Fairchild Tropical Garden, for vision and unselfish devotion to the preservation of that vanishing Eden, south Florida to the

Founder of the Garden: Robert H. Montgomery.

Citation read by David Fairchild.